of the car and went straight into the House without acknowledging me or talking to Frederick (not Fred) and Karl who were loitering on the porch. I was packing up my unsold family albums when I saw him come outside with Adam. I heard Barrie say that he was fucked. Adam was carrying his black "Roots" bag, on his way home. I noticed the brace. Adam said everyone we were all fucked.

The next day on the porch, Barrie asked me if I thought he'd see fifty. He said he'd been diagnosed with cancer. During the few months that he had left I got acquainted with his and Mack's friend, Deloris. Deloris tolerated me because I liked Barrie. Sometimes she was drunk. She'd take my hand and hold it too long. Then she'd say something mean. She took Barrie drinking a few last times, since it didn't matter anymore what happened to his liver. They got into an argument, and Barrie slapped her. She must have been a bad drunk.

Deloris turned up where she wasn't supposed to be. She wouldn't ring the door-bell and check in with the staff as guests were supposed to do. She didn't consider me staff or herself a guest. She would enter the lounge where Mack sprawled in front of the T.V., watching a game. She'd make herself at home with coffee, and get into a fight with Karl. Karl was jealous and refused to shut up when Deloris was around. I'd follow Deloris into the lounge, or find her there, and ask her to go back and ring the door-bell. Karl would be screaming for her to go. Usually she'd leave. Adam said I